

about activities in the weeks ahead. In fact, they were so fond of those informal get-togethers that the current Republican staff director installed a plaque naming the room after Bill Hoagland.

My own staff and I will always carry memories of Bill bringing the Kentucky Derby to the Capitol with mint juleps on the Dole balcony behind me. And I will never forget Bill's weekly economic reports which I share on a regular basis with my colleagues. They were as much an exercise in dry wit as a profound analysis of the economic outlook.

After some 25 years, Bill has led one of the most distinguished staff careers ever to grace the Senate. On behalf of this Senate, I thank Bill for his dedication as a public servant to this Nation. Never doubt for a moment how much we value your wise counsel, Bill.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. CHAMBLISS). The Senator from North Dakota.

Mr. CONRAD. Mr. President, Bill Hoagland is truly one of the best I have had the chance to serve with in 20 years. Bill Hoagland is deeply knowledgeable, decent, caring. He is one person who has extraordinary credibility on both sides of the aisle.

I have known Bill in my 20 years in the Senate. Throughout that period I have served on the Committee on the Budget. Bill has been, at various times, the staff director or the leadership stamp on these issues. I have enjoyed so many quiet moments with Bill in which we have reflected on things that concern us about the direction of the country. More than that, I have enjoyed his uncommon decency.

Bill Hoagland is somebody who will be very much missed. I believe Bill Hoagland, because of his intense interest in the fiscal affairs of this country, in the economic well-being of our Nation, will always be there to give good advice.

On many occasions I have joked with Bill and made him job offers for far more pay than he was getting on the other side of the aisle. Bill always kind of indulged my humor and never paid too much attention to it because he was firmly rooted on the other side.

Bill Hoagland represents the best of this institution. And it is with real sincerity I say I will very much miss Bill's very good judgment in this Senate. I thank the leader for his remarks about our very good friend, Bill Hoagland.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Ohio.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I have been drafting my farewell comments, and I had a little section in there about my friend Bill Hoagland, but I will just take this opportunity now to add my voice to those who have been talking about Bill.

I cannot tell you how many times in the last few years I have gone up to Bill in the corner of the Chamber over here and asked him what was really

going on around here. And Bill Hoagland always knows what is really going on around here. Not only is he an expert on the budget, he is an expert on the Senate, and he is an expert, quite bluntly, in strategy as well as an expert in tactics.

So I thank Bill for his good and wise counsel to me. I know he has supplied that counsel to so many other people in the Senate as well. But I, from a personal point of view, have appreciated Bill very much.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JACOB D. SPANN

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Army PFC Jacob D. Spann from Columbus, OH, who died on February 6, 2006, when a roadside bomb detonated beneath his military vehicle in Iraq. Jacob was 21 years of age at the time.

PFC Spann leaves his father and stepmother Larry and Libby, his mother and stepfather Deborah and Dennis, brothers Derek, Adam, Joe, Josh, and Chris, sisters Sonni, Sarah, Erin, and Helen, and grandmother Jean.

Jacob Spann—known to family and friends as Jake, Jakey, and sometimes even Jake the Snake—graduated from Westerville North High School in 2003, and was known for his way of walking into a room and lighting it up with his smile and big blue eyes. He had a talent of being serious one minute, and fun-loving and light-hearted the next.

While at North High, Jake participated in wrestling, track, and football. He had a natural athletic ability and was always looking to immerse himself in something new and exciting. Dean of students and head football coach at North High Chad Williams was assistant coach when Jake was a linebacker. He remembers Jake as "an extremely hardworking, dedicated football player." In his words, "[Jake] was a kid who knew he was going to do everything he could for the team."

Always most important for Jake were his family and friends. He was a true and loyal friend to his high school classmates. It was here that Jake met and started dating the love of his life, Abby Van Huffel.

After graduating, Jake took courses at Columbus State Community College and worked in an autobody shop. The auto-body shop allowed him to express a love of art that he had ever since he was a child, when he would spend hours drawing and painting. If he didn't make the Marines, he was thinking of opening his own shop. But Jake felt compelled to join the Marines.

Jake joined the Corps in January 2005. He was assigned to Battalion Landing Team's 1st battalion, 2nd Regiment, 22nd Expeditionary Unit, 2nd Expeditionary Force, based at Camp Lejeune, NC. Jake was well-liked by those who he worked with in the military. His senior drill instructor wrote the following to Jake's family on an Internet tribute Web site:

I would like to express my deepest sympathies to the Spann Family. I was your son's Senior Drill Instructor while he was in Boot Camp. I have spoken to two of the Drill Instructors who worked that Platoon with me, and your son's death has had a profound impact on all of us. I was deeply saddened when I saw it in the Marine Corps Times. Your son was a very good recruit, and I know he was a good Marine.

Jake deployed to Iraq in November 2005. As always, however, before he left, he was thinking more of others than of himself. With the few days he had before leaving, he returned to Westerville for a visit and took Abby out for a special birthday dinner. Abby's birthday wasn't until December, but Jake would be far away then, and he didn't want to miss celebrating with the girl he loved.

Before leaving, Jake also gave his mother Deborah a special present. It was a pendant on a chain—a Marine Mother's Medal of Honor. Deborah has worn it everyday since. "We have a large and loving family," she said, speaking of her son's love for those in his life. "His family came first and his Abby came first, and he loved us more than anything. And he loved his country, and we respect that."

According to his older sister Sonni, Jake was very proud when he left for Iraq. The Marines had given him the confidence he had been searching for. In conversations with his stepfather, he had even spoken of becoming a drill sergeant one day.

It was typical of Jake that when he called home from Iraq, he wanted to talk more about the ones he cared about than himself. He wanted all the news he could get about his family—particularly his five brothers, four sisters, and four nieces and nephews. Jake loved to call and talk to his mom, whom he loved with all his heart.

Jake Spann was an excellent marine. Fellow platoon brother Lance Corporal Monhollen said this about Jake:

I was in the same platoon as Spann in Boot Camp. He was a leader then and was a leader before he died. He was also a great friend.

Jake will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him. He is an inspiration to many students at Westerville North High School. In the words of Chad Williams:

While a lot of our kids don't have a personal connection with Jake, they really feel he's a part of the Warrior football family, and they've asked me a lot about him. I think that's kind of the best way to honor someone. A lot of young kids are asking about him and want to live up to the same honor and characteristics he had.

After Jake died, the lettering outside his old high school was changed to proclaim: "Jacob Spann—An Ultimate Warrior."

Jake's mother finds it comforting that he did not return home from Iraq alone. She tells a story of how six of the family's best friends were out of the country when they heard the news that Jake had died. When traveling home, their return trip was full of delays. The pilot finally came on and informed the passengers that there

would be one final delay, as the plane was waiting for a "very special passenger"—a fallen soldier. "Our friends realized it was our son," Deborah said. "Things happen for a reason. They brought him home to us and he was escorted by a Marine who would not leave his side until he was where he needed to be."

This was a fitting, final journey for a young man who had always been surrounded by loving family and friends. Countless mourners attended Jake's funeral and burial services to pay their respects and offer comfort to Jake's family. According to Jake's mom, the toughest challenge Jake would have faced returning home would have been selecting the perfect ring for the planned engagement and wedding to Abby.

At the funeral, Jake's brother read a letter from Abby, who said she had been expecting to write wedding vows—not a eulogy. The letter ended with the line, "I will always be here loving you." On the marble of Jake's tombstone, Abby is remembered as his "soul mate."

Marine PFC Jacob Spann was a fine man of whom we can all be proud. He was loved by his community, his family, his friends, and his Abby. His life and the sacrifice he made for our Nation will never be forgotten.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Jacob's friends and family in our thoughts and prayers.

MAJOR GUY BARATTIERI

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Army MAJ Guy Barattieri, originally of the Pleasant Ridge neighborhood of Cincinnati, OH. A member of the National Guard's Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, 19th Special Forces Group, based in Buckley, WA, Major Barattieri was working in a civilian contract capacity on October 4, 2006, when he was killed by a roadside bomb in Iraq. He was 36 years of age at the time.

Guy—known fondly by friends and family as "Bear"—was born on June 21, 1970, and raised in Pleasant Ridge. He attended Nativity School and was a linebacker on the 1986 State Champion Purcell Marian High School football team.

Cliff Pope, a teammate of Bear's and his closest friend, remembers him as someone who "had a passion and intensity that was infectious to us all."

According to his uncle Larry Wheatley, Bear had always loved the military—had loved it ever since he was just a small boy. When he was accepted into the United States Military Academy at West Point, it was a dream come true for him. Once at West Point, however, injuries kept Bear from continuing to play football.

Chris Jenks is one of Bear's former classmates and teammates from West Point. He remembers the "never-quit" attitude with which Bear approached his injury. He wrote the following in Bear's memory on an Internet tribute Web site:

Army doctors told Bear that he could no longer play football. Bear took that in stride, and . . . decided that, technically, the doctors never said he couldn't play Rugby, [so] he started playing rugby, [instead].

After graduating from West Point in 1992, Bear attended the Infantry Officer's Basic Course Ranger School and the Mortar Course before being stationed in Baumholder, Germany. He later attended the Intelligence Officer Advanced Course and branched out to the Special Forces. His friend Chris Jenks remembers how impressed he always was by Bear's "innate" infantry leadership skills. "Some things you can train or teach," he said. "Some things you are born with."

In 2001, Bear joined the Seattle Police, where he was president of his academy class. Bear's friend Detective Nick Bauer, who was his field-training officer, described Bear with the following words:

[He was an] absolutely distinguished soldier, and a distinguished officer—an extraordinary man, one of those guys who won the hearts and minds of everyone he came in contact with.

Bear remained with the Seattle Police Department until 2004.

In 2002, Bear went on active duty as a detachment commander in Kuwait. When the 101st Infantry Division entered Baghdad in March 2003, Bear's team was at the lead. For the role that he played, he received a Bronze Star and Combat Infantryman's badge.

Without question, Bear made an impact in Iraq. He participated in multiple missions, during which he captured three of the most wanted members of Saddam Hussein's government—individuals who had been depicted on the deck of playing cards issued by the U.S. Military.

Bear was a dedicated and excellent soldier. But he was also something more—a loving and devoted family man. For Bear, those he loved always came first. On December 11, 2005, Bear married the love of his life—Laurel. They adored each other. He was a loving father to his two girls—his 6-year-old stepdaughter Rees, and Odessa, who was born on July 19, 2006. He loved his family more than anything else in the world.

Family friend Mary Mascarella remembers that Bear was a doting father. He would take Rees to swimming lessons, make her lunch, and take her to school. And, when Odessa was just 3 weeks old, the family was visited by Bear's stepmother Barbara. Barbara remembers how excited he was about their new daughter. "It was his first baby," she said, "and he did it all—diapers and everything."

I had the privilege of seeing several photos of Bear with his family. One is from his wedding, with a beaming Laurel on one arm and Rees cradled in the other. Another picture shows Bear with the newborn Odessa in his arms. It is clear from looking at these pictures, how incredibly happy Bear's family made him.

Even when he was away from home, Bear's pride and delight in his family was apparent. In a tribute to Bear created by FOXNews, John Fiegenger remembers the way Bear lit up at the mention of his family. He wrote:

[His] quick smile was one of the things that struck me most about Bear, and his biggest smiles were reserved for the many frequent mentions of his family back home. He never hesitated to show pictures of his wife, his daughter, and eventually, his newborn baby girl.

In Iraq, Bear was the head of the security team at the FOX Baghdad office, and was there in October 2005 when car bombs destroyed the hotel where they were located. On the FOXNews tribute Web site, Gordon Robinson remembers how important Bear was at that time. He wrote this about him:

Bear was the person who held all of us together, both as individuals and as a news bureau. . . . Throughout it all, he remained calm. When it was over, he was confident and smiling, and that attitude helped the rest of us to understand that we, too, were going to make it through.

Cliff Pope had met Bear during their freshman year of high school at Purcell Marian. He remembers how committed Bear was to the ideals of freedom and democracy. In Cliff's words:

Bear believed in America, he believed in democracy, and he believed in his heart that God put him on this earth to protect this country. And, he lost his life serving out what he felt was his life's mission, which was protecting others.

There are perhaps no better words than those to describe the type of man that Bear was. He was simply someone who cared. His friends, his family, and his Nation are all proud of his service, and we owe him our eternal gratitude.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep the family of MAJ Guy Barattieri—his wife Laurel and his daughters Rees and Odessa, his mother Patricia Wheatley, his father and stepmother Dick and Barbara Barattieri, and his sisters Nicole, Becky, and Gina—all in our thoughts and in our prayers.

SY JASON LUCIO

Mr. President, I rise today to honor the memory of a brave man from Clyde, OH—Sy Jason Lucio. Sy was working as a civilian technician in Afghanistan, when on April 6, 2005, he boarded a transport helicopter bound for Bagram Air Force Base. Less than 100 miles from their landing spot in Afghanistan, rough weather forced his Chinook helicopter to the ground, killing all onboard.

Sy leaves his son Lars, his mother Sally, his father Stanley, and his sister Hannah.

Sy attended Clyde High School, where he was known for his energy and intelligence. After moving to Toledo and graduating from Swanton High School, he decided to attend Penta Career Center. Over the next few months, he quickly absorbed whatever his instructors threw at him. Sy was well on his way to becoming an electrician of international caliber.

Being the skilled technician that he was, he was an avid motorcycle enthusiast and bought himself a Buell, which he rode whenever he got the chance. He, like many young men before him, enjoyed the sound of the engine, the freedom, and the exhilaration.

Sy also loved camping. In his youth, his parents took him on many trips to the countryside. Perhaps it was there that his sense of adventure was born. More than anything, though, Sy loved spending time with his son Lars.

Sy's mother Sally remembers how he was happiest rolling around on the floor with Lars and the other children in the family. She said that "he was such a good daddy. I knew he'd be a good father, but he exceeded my expectations."

It was hard for Sy to leave his family behind him, but he knew there was plenty of work for a skilled electrician in Afghanistan. To support his family, to see the world, and to help his fellow countrymen, Sy joined on with a U.S. contractor, and in early January 2005, he traveled to their Texas headquarters for training. From there, he flew to Afghanistan.

Sy entered this strange new world with confidence. He knew he had the skills, and he knew he could make a difference in the lives of our servicemembers and the lives of the Afghan people.

Sy's supervisor shared his memories of the brave young man. These are his recollections:

Sy [sigh] had great electrical skills. He was a quiet man, but very personable, and he often talked about his son. He really cared about what he was doing and he was proud of the contributions he was making. . . .

Indeed, Sy had so much about which to be proud. He traveled to operating bases in far-flung parts of Afghanistan. Whatever the harsh environment did to the military's equipment, Sy was there to fix. Day-in and day-out, our servicemembers rely on the best hardware and technical support in the world. Sy's knowledge and ability gave our American military confidence in their equipment. There is no doubt that his work saved lives.

Mr. President, those who knew Sy remember him more for how he lived, than for how he left this earth. They remember his intelligence, his kindness, his adventurous spirit, and his strong moral convictions. They remember how he never wanted anyone to worry about him.

Indeed, Sy left an indelible mark on this world, in the memories of his loved ones, and in the lives he changed through his great work. As his cousin, Sarah Wilson, said, "He was a hard-working guy, a very loving guy, and a great father. He would do anything for anybody."

Sy was a thoughtful and quiet man. He had a soft half-smile, which relatives said he often wore instead of a grin so that people wouldn't see his dimples.

Mike Urbine, Sy's instructor at Penta Career Center, knew that he was

enthusiastic about his career, and he saw Sy's intelligence reflected in his work. This is what he said about Sy:

He seemed to have a clear head on his shoulders and was a highly energetic individual. He was a pleasure to work with. He was adventurous. I can see him going to foreign lands and working for a big contractor.

Sy's father Stanley remembers his son as a strong family man. He remembers Sy the patriot, and Sy the man, who—despite his youth—was elected to the central committee of the Lucas County Democrat party. Stanley said the following of his son, "He believed in the union. He believed in his son and taking care of him. He believed in God."

Mr. President, Sy Lucio may not have worn a uniform, but he was serving his Nation. He worked alongside our service members, he traveled with them, and he worked to protect them by ensuring the good working order and safety of their equipment. His death makes it abundantly clear that he shared many of the same risks. Whatever titles he held, career-wise, though, he was first and foremost a loving father, an adventurer, and a brave American. He died a hero.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Sy's family in our thoughts and prayers.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS SAMUEL BOWEN

Mr. President, I rise today to honor and remember a fellow Ohioan—Army PFC Samuel Bowen, from Cleveland, who lost his life on July 7, 2004, while serving our country in Iraq.

Private First Class Bowen leaves his wife Melanie, their three children Tiust, Darius, and Breonna, his mother Elsie, and his two sisters Consuella and Tamatha.

Samuel—Sam to friends and family—was loved by everyone he met. Known for his friendly face, Sam was the "big man with a big heart, intimidating in size, but soft-spoken and kind."

His demeanor made him a favorite among those who knew him. He was well-liked by the patrons who frequented the restaurants where he cooked. And he was loved by his fellow Ohio National Guardsmen, who fought by his side.

Sam spent most of his life in Berlin, MD, before moving to Cleveland. He was the middle child between two sisters. His mother described Sam as a typical boy who liked to take things apart and put them back together. At 8 years old, he would tag along with the local electrician who gave him his own tool belt. Other fond memories include one when Sam was 3 years old and liked to stand on the kitchen stool to cook a scrambled egg breakfast for his sisters.

Four years after graduating from Stephen Decatur High in Berlin, MD, Sam enlisted in the Army where he honed the cooking skills he had practiced as a young boy. After retiring from active duty, Sam joined the Reserves and was stationed in Iraq this past December as a member of the Ohio

Army National Guard's 216th Engineering Battalion based in Akron, OH.

Although he was on the other side of the world, Sam made sure to keep in touch with his family, especially his wife Melanie and their children. Sam's sister Consuella remembers that Sam would often leave messages on her answering machine—messages she has not erased.

Consuella described her brother with these words: "nice and always doing [things] for others. That was his thing—always doing for others, trying to take care of everybody else." That's exactly what he did.

While in Iraq, Sam risked his life to save another soldier in his unit, his comrade Ron Eaton. On June 16, 2004, Sam and Ron were outside an Army PX store in the intense Iraqi heat, buying Gatorade, when grenades were thrown at them. Several rounds came their way and shrapnel flew through the air injuring Ron and forcing him to the ground. Without regard for his own safety, Sam grabbed Ron and pulled him to safety while explosions erupted around them. Ron credits Sam with saving his life in the incident that claimed the lives of three soldiers and injured 25.

Sam was one of the first to call Ron following his surgery for the injuries he sustained before Sam pulled him out of danger. Ron recalled that Sam wanted to hear his voice to make sure his "battle buddy" was okay. Ron was looking forward to meeting Sam's family and wanted to thank him in person for saving his life.

Tragically, Ron will never have that chance, as Sam was killed when a rocket-propelled grenade exploded near his vehicle in Samarra, Iraq on July 7, 2004.

Sam Bowen was a hero—an American hero, whom we should remember the same way his family will—as "always doing the right thing."

Just like Ron Eaton, we will never be able to fully thank Sam for his selflessness. We will never be able to adequately express our respect for this man, who gave the ultimate sacrifice.

At times like this, I am reminded of something that President Reagan said almost 20 years ago at a Veteran's Day Celebration:

There is a special sadness that accompanies the death of a serviceman, for we're never quite good enough to them—not really; we can't be, because what they gave us is beyond our powers to repay. And so, when a serviceman dies, it's a tear in the fabric, a break in the whole, and all we can do is remember.

Today, I stand here so that we may all remember Army PFC Samuel Bowen and the sacrifice he made for our country.

I had the privilege of meeting Sam's family and friends at Sam's calling hours, and I know that they will forever remember his smiling face, his friendly demeanor, and giving attitude.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Sam's family and friends in our thoughts and prayers.

I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

LANCE CORPORAL JONATHAN ETTERLING

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Marine LCpl Jonathan Etterling, from Wheelersburg, OH, who died on January 26, 2005, in a helicopter crash near Rutbah, Iraq. He was 22 years old. He is survived by his parents William and Kay and his sister Angela.

Born December 27, 1982, in Portsmouth, OH, Jonathan—Jon to his family and friends—was fascinated by military life from a young age. As a boy, his mother remembers him spending hours taking apart a rifle and putting it back together. His bedroom walls were covered with military posters. He loved war stories and movies—anything that represented bravery, selflessness, and sacrifice.

Jon's decision to join the Marines didn't surprise anyone who knew him. As his Sunday school teacher Cathy Sizemore said, "Some people have a higher calling. Jon's was his country."

Although Jon was the Etterling's only son, Jon had three surrogate brothers growing up—his lifelong friends James Howard, Josh Huddleston, and Alex Watts. The three met as young kids growing up on the playgrounds of Wheelersburg.

Alex remembers meeting Jon in first grade. Standing in knee high tube socks and sporting a goofy grin, Jon had asked him, "Hey—you wanna be friends?" Alex, shy and somewhat surprised, was happy to agree. Like so many other people, he was drawn to Jon's good-natured enthusiasm. Quickly Jon, James, Alex, and Josh became inseparable, causing others to jokingly refer to them as the Four Musketeers.

As a cheerful, easy-going student at Wheelersburg High School, Jon excelled in the classroom and on the playing fields. He demonstrated boundless energy and dedication, playing nose tackle on the football team, running track, singing in the chorus, and acting in plays. He was, as his high school superintendent described, "an outstanding young man . . . one of those kids who made you smile just being around him."

Jon was also an extremely hard worker. Jon was always trying to better himself, doing everything his athletic coaches asked of him. This work ethic earned Jon the respect of fellow teammates and coaches. One of his football teammates, Bryan Yelley, said this of Jon's attitude:

He was just one of those guys who got along with everybody. He played hard—did everything as hard as he could. Whenever he did something, he did it to the full extent of his capabilities. As a person, he was everybody's friend.

Jon strove for excellence in everything he attempted. This straightforward approach to life would help him achieve his lifelong dream of becoming a Marine. Regarding Jon's goal of serving our country, his football coach, Jim Gill, had this to say:

He was always interested in the military. I think when he joined the Marines and reached boot camp, he reached his goals. [With] the dedication he put into things he did, there was never any doubt he would succeed."

Jon's former defensive ends coach Dave Pyles agreed. "Jon fit the bill of a Marine," he said. "Being the first in, that was him." For Jon, there was no greater privilege than to serve and protect this country.

Upon graduation from Wheelersburg High School in 2002, Jon and his three closest friends—James, Josh, and Alex—joined the Marines and endured the rigors of boot camp—together. Unsurprisingly, Jon's dedication was evident during this challenging time. His friends described him as "the rock"—the one who they could all depend on for strength and resolve. Among the very best of the Marine Corps, Jon stood out.

After completing his training at Parris Island, Jon was stationed in Hawaii and spent 3 months in Thailand—plus time in Okinawa, Korea, and Japan—before going to Iraq. During this time, he was able to see and explore a world much larger than most could imagine.

When Jon arrived in Iraq, he immediately moved to the front lines, near Fallujah. He was enthusiastic about his job and excited to be there. He wanted to make a difference. His father remembers that Jon was doing what he loved—what he believed in. As his sister Angie said, "My brother was very much military material."

I had the privilege of attending Marine Lance Corporal Etterling's funeral and to meet his family and to see the overwhelming outpouring of love and support. Jon's three best friends—his brothers—James Howard, Josh Huddleston, and Alex Watts were able to attend the funeral, as well. The Four Musketeers were united once again.

Jon's life and his service to this country will not be forgotten. Upbeat and cheerful, he was always willing to lend a hand to those who needed it. He could be counted on to do the right thing. He had an incredible work ethic, a strong faith, and a deep respect for others. And no matter how difficult they were, he always accomplished his goals.

His father summed it up best, when he said: "I just can't be more proud of him."

My wife Fran and I continue to keep the family and friends of Lance Corporal Jonathan Etterling in our thoughts and prayers.

EFFECTIVE PHYSICIAN ASSISTANCE FOR DRUG TREATMENT ACT

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate

proceed to the immediate consideration of S. 4115, which was introduced earlier today.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will report the bill by title.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

A bill (S. 4115) to amend the Controlled Substances Act to increase the effectiveness of physician assistance for drug treatment.

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the bill.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the bill be read the third time and passed, the motion to reconsider be laid upon the table, and that any statements relating to the bill be printed in the RECORD.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The bill (S. 4115) was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, was read the third time, and passed, as follows:

S. 4115

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. SHORT TITLE.

This Act may be cited as the "Effective Physician Assistance for Drug Treatment Act".

SEC. 2. CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES ACT AMENDMENTS.

Section 303(g)(2) of the Controlled Substances Act (21 U.S.C. 823(g)(2)) is amended—

(1) in subparagraph (B)(iii), by striking "except that the" and inserting the following: "unless, not sooner than 1 year after the date on which the practitioner submitted the initial notification, the practitioner submits a second notification to the Secretary of the need and intent of the practitioner to treat up to 100 patients. A second notification under this clause shall contain the certifications required by clauses (i) and (ii) of this subparagraph. The"; and

(2) in subparagraph (J)—

(A) in clause (i), by striking "thereafter" and all that follows through the period and inserting "thereafter";

(B) in clause (ii), by striking "Drug Addiction Treatment Act of 2000" and inserting "Effective Physician Assistance for Drug Treatment Act"; and

(C) in clause (iii), by striking "this paragraph should not remain in effect, this paragraph ceases to be in effect" and inserting "subparagraph (B)(iii) should be applied by limiting the total number of patients a practitioner may treat to 30, then the provisions in such subparagraph (B)(iii) permitting more than 30 patients shall not apply, effective".

PREVENTING THE MISUSE OF THE RED CRESCENT EMBLEM

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to the immediate consideration of H.R. 6338, which was received from the House.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will report the bill by title.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

A bill (H.R. 6338) to amend title 18, United States Code, to prevent and repress the misuse of the Red Crescent distinctive emblem and the Third Protocol (Red Crystal) distinctive emblem.

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the bill.